

Love under the red light

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VIDAL D'COSTA

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Acknowledgement

Dedicated to my favorite authors, Neil Gaiman, RL Stine & the late Roald Dahl. To my classmates who've forever encouraged me & to all those who read. & finally, to my muses, Jenna Coleman & David Tennant.

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Cast members



David Tennant as Benedict Stronghold/ Ben/
Bianca

Jenna Coleman as Tina/ Scarletina

Helen Mirren as Madame Roseanne Stronghold

Ant & Dec as Shawn and Terry

Arthur Darvill as Ricky

John Barrowman as Dennis Rixon

Hugh Jackman as Joy-boy, the pimp

Chapter 1

Ben walked to his flat, far from the whore houses of the red light district. He was in the guise of Bianca—the more familiar name that his clients cried out each night as they climaxed. The red stilettos were killing him so they earned a place dangling from his hands while the lanky drag queen maneuvered the filthy streets in his net stockings, earning a cat call or two from the men in the cars who eyed him hungrily and a wink from *Miss Kinky Boots*, a colleague who later got into the backseat of one such car. He suppressed a grin. Women loved him, wanted to shag him, although mum wasn't too keen on him entering into a relationship with one. She'd prefer he'd rather stick to being a drag queen and entertain her male clients instead. She'd raised him as such in order to keep her business going and she was keen on no-one ruining it, especially not her son's *lady friends*.

“Oi! That’s my favorite blouse! You’re gonna tear it!

” he was snapped out of his thoughts by a tug on his arm and a yelp. He looked down to see a young woman frantically clawing at his bracelet as she struggled to free herself since it’d gotten caught on a loose thread that’d come unravelled from her sleeve. “I’m really sorry...so sorry...!” still in character as he put on his soft *Bianca voice* and apologized, helping her out. He caught a glimpse off her bright red lips as she pulled her arm away once it was free, using it to tuck her loose locks behind a ear before muttering curses under her breath on noticing her torn sleeve. “Thanks for nothin, lady! I’m late for my job an’ my favorite blouse is ruined!” she remarked, leaving in a huff without looking back or up at him, not even recognizing him to be in drag! He figured she worked as a waitress at one of the pubs. She seemed too nice and innocent to be one of *them*. He hadn’t seen her around though or anyone of her likeness atleast. This was the first time they’d bumped into each other, but he was sure she’d stolen his heart right there and then, watching after her in a lovestruck manner as she disappeared into *Madame Erotica’s Lounge* (his mum’s rival) across the street. He’d decided to take off early after satisfying his last client. He was meeting the boys at the club for beers. But first, he intended to rid himself of the layers of makeup.

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“Shawn, I said I’ll be there, mate. I’ve just gotta shower. I’ll be right there!” he promised his impatient friend over the phone, before hanging up. “Honestly, yer ever patient when yer servicin fat arse Winston, ya bastard!” he cussed his pal under his breath for his impatience before turning back to his reflection in the mirror. Wincing, he removed his false eyelashes and wiped away the last of the eye makeup too. He put on a tee, covering up his body-red from all those hickeys he’d received during his rendezvous with the countless men who inhibited his mum’s brothel. One last ruffle of his sandy hair, before he pulled on his coat and left his little flat and set out for the pub.

“This the new bloke? Mickey, is it?” he greeted, his Scottish accent taking on a high pitch. He eyed the young man with red hair who’d joined them, in high spirits as he stretched out his arms for a hug from each of his buddies and flashed the new boy a friendly, toothy grin. “It’s Ricky, actually.” Ricky the redhead corrected. “Mickey sounds better, don’t it? Well, give it a couple days an’ you’ll forget yer own name. Haven’t they given ya nicknames yet? Shawn o’er ere’s called Rosy Cheeks...an’ I’m not talkin bout the ones on his face! Everyone who’s lookin to shag Terence o’er ere always asks for Terry Ten Inch...” a knowledgeable Ben teased, taking a swig from his

umpteenth beer. “Oi, don’t rat us out! You’ve your share of nicknames, mate!” an offended Terence protested, pushing him playfully and making him spill his beer a bit on his tee. “Babe— that’s what they call me. Makes me feel all bloody cheap, it does.” they heard him grumble while he dabbed at the stain spreading across his tee now. They snickered at his feminine nickname.

“What made ya choose this job though? I mean, I was lured in. Sold off when I was a wee orphan.” Ricky spilled, although no-one had asked him. “I went bankrupt an’ turned to drugs then. Decided this was the best way to pay for my guilty pleasures, eh?” Terence recounted, shamelessly. “I dunno how I even ended up here.” Shawn muttered, not in the mood to share. “Man o’ few words. Me? I just like bein buggered by men!” Ben joked, showing off his dimples as he flashed them a goofy grin and put the bottle to his mouth again. “Seriously though? I can’t let poor ol mum starve. Brothel’s all we’ve got. Besides, got no other qualifications. Well...I could be an actor....But again, that’s a bit dodgy too, got its ups an’ downs, don’t it?” he gave a lengthy explanation once he’d gulped down the beer.

“This business is fuckin hard on the personal life, isn’t it, Ben?” Shawn changed the topic, tsk-tsking

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as he spoke. From his sly tone, Ben guessed his nosy friend had something up his sleeve again. “Aye. Speakin o’ personal lives, I heard yer up to yer nose in mine again. What’s this bout ya arrangin a blind date for me again?” he enquired, fed up of his so called blind dates which never went well in the past for Ben who was on the lookout for love instead of lust.

“Just give it another shot, mate. Can’t bear to see ya sulk around. She’s a real looker, real classy... Maybe, this one’ll help ya to finally come to terms with your sexuality.” a helpful Shawn suggested. “You’ve made me lose my appetite, Shawn! I’m leavin. Take care o’ the bill, eh, Ter?” Ben declared, feigning disgust as he got up to leave. “Did I mention, she’s not a prostitute like the ones I’ve set ya up with before?” Shawn called out, hoping he’d change his mind. It worked as he returned. “When an’ at what time?” he asked, succumbing with a sigh.

Chapter 2



"This isn't gonna work. I'm gonna look like a complete fool in front of this complete stranger, Trish. I know, I am...!" Tina complained as she slipped into the flowy, yellow dress that was a tad too big for her. "Oi, quit flippin about like you're some kinda fish or somethin! Get it together! It's only your first date. Besides, you asked to be set up with someone. You can't back out now." her friend/match maker/ roommate (in that dingy room above a nearby whore house) reminded, altering the dress to fit her petite frame. "Well, that was only cuz I was lonesome. Dontcha feel that this profession...it buggers any chance ya have at a social or even a love life, Trish?" she continued to complain. "I never cared much for it, ya know? Don't really give it much thought when you're sandwiched between two...sometimes, five...men, ya know? Oh, well, as long as we're paid good money for doin what we do, it don't matter, do it?" Trish explained her uncaring attitude for it. "Matters to me. I know Joy-boy'd never go for it. What, with all the strict rules on no dating, no marital/ extramarital relationships for all employees of Madame Erotica's, eh?" her lonely friend worried about her pimp Joy boy finding out. "He don't have to know bout this, Tina. Now, stay still or I'm gonna end up stickin a pin in ya literally!"

Trish put her worries to a rest, before scolding her into stillness as she put the final touches.

"Why'd his friend insist on me wearin yellow, by the way?" Tina asked, curiously. "Said it'd help him recognize ya, I guess. It's also his favorite colour, apparently." Trish replied, putting away her sewing kit (mostly reserved for stitching up wounds when a fellow working lady was manhandled or rough-housed by a client) while Tina twirled around in front of the lipstick-stained mirror. "Who'd like this colour? It's the colour of piss, innit?" her potty mouth Londoner exclaimed with a frown. "Tina, try not to talk like that in front of him, please." Trish warned, on hearing her comment.

"Ugh...bollocks! This was a bad idea...! Shouldn't have sprayed it in my mouth...ugh! Tastes so bad!" the man who swallowed cum for a living sputtered, as he threw away the half empty can that'd made him gag, before washing out his mouth at the sink and preferring to pop a handful of mints to freshen his breath instead. He wanted to look his best as always, experimenting with hairstyles from a pompadour to a just outta bed look, before settling for his usual ruffled hairstyle: *au naturel* Ben, he christened it narcissistically. Dressing up for the date took longer than his usual routine of dolling up for work (and that involved putting on wigs, pulling on tight skirts,

garter belts that left their red mark on the soft skin around his crotch, G-strings that were just as restraining, riding up his crotch and fishnet stockings, packing all his skin pores and freckles in makeup as thick as pancake batter and whatnot!) and he turned up late. Fortunately, so did she!

He hoped she liked her men hairless. Apart from his unruly mop, he'd waxed off every bit of hair from his body for the sake of the job. Maybe, just maybe... clean shaven could be the new sexy! he wondered jokingly, resuming to drum his fingers impatiently on the table while the waiter poured him some more of the fancy wine. His tastebuds were more accustomed to beer and he intended on rinsing his mouth with a pint at the bar next door if his date still didn't show up. He felt the need for it melt away and his heart skipped a beat on seeing her familiar face at the restaurant window. He'd recognize those lips anywhere even if they weren't painted bright red (she'd opted for a pastel shade to match with the dress) or that face even if it was partially covered by her side swept hair like it was earlier that evening. He flashed her a smile and waved at her. But, she didn't wave back.

"I do look like a complete fool in this! I should've known...! I hate this soddin dress! I should just turn back.....oh, no! Too late! He's wavin at me now! He's

too cute...no, too cute! Bollocks, outta my reach, he is! It's so bloomin unfair! I'm definitely turnin back....Yup. That's what I'll do...just head on home." she declared after a few too many looks at her reflection in the glass, deciding the man on the other side of it with his chocolatey, amber eyes and a face to kill for was too good for her!

"Oi! Where're ya goin?! Are ya leavin?!" he lost no time in catching up to her on seeing her leave from inside the posh restaurant, running all the way from it with his blazer flapping behind him. "Oh, curses...! He's Scottish too?!" she muttered, cursing her stars as he barred her way. "D'you not like the place? We could go somewhere else, lass." he suggested, his smile melting away on seeing her uncomfortable expression. "The name's Tina...An' I should've known you'd be too good for me. You're a perfect ten...Flawless...!" she began to praise, at the same time pitying herself. "Ya haven't seen my appendicitis scar obviously, Tina! I'm Ben, by the way. I believe we've met earlier?" he introduced himself, cutting in and breaking into a friendly grin to relax her on detecting her self-consciousness. He decided to remind her of their earlier meeting too. "Um...really? I don't think we've....oops!" she began to reply, scrunching her face up to think as they walked together, losing her train of thought as she

suddenly tumbled to the curb!

“Ya ok?” he asked, helping her up. “I might’ve had just a trifle...a smidgeon...of vodka to sooth the nerves before this date. I’m beginning to regret it now!” she confessed amidst nervous laughter. She wobbled uneasily as she stood and went red with embarrassment. “Fine. Maybe it wasn’t a scooch or a trifle or a smidgen, really! I’ll just go home an’ sleep it off. Just live a few streets that way. Thanks for comin, by the way. An’ again, I’m sorry. You’re just waaay outta my league...It wouldn’t work!” she muttered apologetically, deciding to take her leave before she embarrassed herself further. “Well, that sounds like absolute rubbish, in my opinion! But not as rubbish as what I’m gonna do for ya now...” he added, following her and keeping her company. “What’re ya...? Oi, put me down!” she was taken aback as he slipped an arm under her knees and one to support her back as he scooped her into his arms. It would’ve looked better on a Hallmark card or on the cover of some romance novel, but on a crowded street in London, it looked awkward. He thought it’d thaw the ice between them though- An icebreaker of sorts. “Ya can hardly walk an’ it’s unsafe.” the concerned man whispered as she wrapped her arms around his neck, held on and stared hard at him. “On second thought, I’ve never been carried home

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on the first date, by a proper gentleman too!" she whispered back, warming up to the idea and breaking into a smile of acknowledgement as he carried her the rest of the way.

Chapter 3

“So, ya said ya knew me from somewhere?” she reminded for him to finish his previous sentence. “We met earlier. In the red light district.” he recounted, careful not to drop her and looking quite like newlyweds enroute to their honeymoon suite! “Did we? I’m sorry, I’ve a terrible memory! I work there. I’m a, uh, a waitress.” she lied to explain her presence there. “Oh!” was all he could say, relieved on the inside that she hadn’t recognized him in drag back then and the fact that she’d turned out to be who he’d for. It was the response he was hoping to hear since he didn’t want her to know about his reality, and neither did she want to reveal hers. “Yup. Got the job to supplement my soon to flourish actin career.” she whispered, speaking the truth this time. “Ooh...really? What d’you do?” he enquired, perking up at that. “Mostly wait on tables.” the aspiring actress replied, misunderstanding his question. “No, I meant yer actin career. Might I have

seen ya in anythin?" he clarified. "Nudies an' indies so far. Auditioned for some low budget productions too. To be honest, waitressin pays better!" she confessed, embarrassingly.

He let her down gently on the curb in front of her flat. "Well, we're here. *Mi casa*. Just one thing before ya go, what was a gentleman like ya doin in the red light district, pray tell?" it was her turn to question. She waited for an answer with a teasing smile that further made him nervous. "Just passin by. My home's around the corner. My *office* is situated just down the street too. I, uh, run a business, ya see?" he lied, as accomplished at it as she was! "Ooh...fancy! Fancy an' posh! I'd invite ya up, but now I'm too ashamed to. Well, g'night!"she bid farewell, satisfied with her answer and turning to leave. "If yer not gonna invite me up, how bout a g'night kiss? Gotta pay the piper right, love?" he requested teasingly, stopping her in her tracks.

He'd enjoyed his time with her, how he'd managed to keep his secret from her and how their blind date had started out bad but turned out great in the end. Bathed in the red neon light, they stood facing each other, exchanging shy glances while the malicious world around them continued to turn. And finally, the moment which would transform this great blind date into one worth remembering finally arrived.

It was brief, but just the feel of her soft lips against his blushing cheek made time stop for him! “What a relief! You’re not like some fellas I knew. They called me babe...Just cheap!” she whispered into his ear, praising him one last time before heading upstairs. “Exes? Should I be jealous?” he called out teasingly behind her, receiving no reply since she’d disappeared up the dark and narrow staircase, leaving him still reeling from their kiss.

“So...how was it? Was he...” Trish asked anxiously, sitting up in bed as her friend plopped down beside her in their tiny, suffocating flat. By her expression, she figured it’d gone great. “Too perfect? No, he wasn’t. He was just the right amount of perfect.” Tina cut in, never having had the pangs of love strike her as fast as they struck her now. “I was gonna ask if he was hot...But, I guess that pretty much covers it.” her cheeky friend retorted with a grin, eliciting a playful shove from Tina who looked like she had a permanent smile fixed on her face now. “Ya probably should’ve been out longer though, right? I mean, didn’t ya both.....” Trish asked, digging in for more deets.

“Do it?! On the first date?! Are ya insane?! What sorta girls have ya been datin, Mickey!?” he yelled into the phone as his mates called, keen on knowing how it’d gone. “Again, it’s Ricky. An’ I was just

askin...Actually, the fellas are here an' they were just askin...Anyway, I'm sorry if I..." Ricky began to apologize, while his roommates- Terry and Shawn-egged him on in the background. "We've only gotten to know each other." Ben began to address their question, setting his frosty beer bottle on the balcony ledge as he stared out at the London skyline from his flat while he spoke. "Oh, but when she does get to know ya....I bet you'll rock her world!" Shawn teased, taking over from Ricky who was proving to be useless! "I dunno. It's different with girls. I bet it feels different not to wake up with a hairy beast beside ya for once. I've never known. Never gone past that first kiss with a girl." he confided in his pals, drumming his long fingers on the ledge as he leant forward absent-mindedly.

"I bet it feels amazin to do it with someone ya love. Maybe he could be the one who finally loves me back, gets me outta this hell hole once an' for all..." his date seemed to share his thoughts as she confided in the woman who was more a sister than a friend, as both women lay in the privacy of their shared flat at the fag end of the city. She could already feel her heart flutter with excitement under the covers. "Oi! Don't let Joy-boy catch ya sayin that! Now, get outta that dress an' go to bed." Trish scolded. She didn't want to bring Tina's hopes down

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or anything. But, the woman never did trust the crumbling, paper thin walls around them, not taking any chances lest they let out her dear, happy and hopeful friend's secret.

Chapter 4



The next night, he was buggered till the energy'd been drained outta him. He could feel himself being

thrown around the dim room like a rag doll while he held on to his client's body by digging his long painted acrylic nails into his bare back, being sodomized by a man with a seemingly never-ending hunger for his soft flesh and his pomegranate red lips as he kissed and bit into them...But, through it all, Ben (or for the time being, to cater to his client's fetishes, Bianca) felt like he was far away, not even in the brothel, but across the street romancing the girl in yellow under a neon sign that cast a glaring red light upon them. He wished to be with her in that bed upon which he was flung just then. He lay on his tummy, shutting his eyes as he felt that familiar squeeze before his effeminate cheeks were pried open. As his client lay atop him, heaving up and down, thrusting into him vigorously, he drifted off to dream about her and how that one kiss had opened something up in him. Something which till then had been buried under heaps of lust.

He wasn't himself as he walked down Soho with his mates later. They'd decided on dinner at a new Italian restaurant instead of the usual drinks since Shawn worried that *he might pass out the way things were going with his energetic, Viagra-fueled clients* and since Terry was always hungry after sex (*who wasn't?* – the pig defended himself). Rookie Rick had already bagged himself a threesome by batting his

eyelashes sultrily and winking seductively with his beautiful blue eyes and had to be stopped midway through his loud boasting as they entered the fancy, jam-packed restaurant, determined to spend their hard earned money that night. Fortunately, they were allotted a table next to the window with a view of shoppers and youthful partiers going past. But, their absent minded friend was far more interested in another view.

She'd caught his eye too, waving at him with a grin while Trish pulled her along as they followed the strict Joy-boy to a table in the corner. They continued to steal glances, leaving their respective pasta dishes untouched on their plates and hardly touching the wine. None of their friends bothered to notice and the rest of the women dressed in all their finery could care less since this was the first time Joy-boy had taken his *workforce* out, especially to a place this fancy just to celebrate the tenth anniversary of *Madame Erotica's* London branch!

He finally got her to himself once the prostitutes loyally followed their moustached pimp out after dinner and the boys attempted to hail a cab while also chatting excitedly amongst themselves, occasionally giving the young Ricky a hard time by messing his hair up and what not. "Oi, aren't ya comin? Don't keep Joy-boy waitin! Ya know he

doesn't like it." Trish reminded, calling to her as she deliberately lagged behind. "Just tell him I'm gonna be with, uh, a client. Just go. I'll be along shortly, kay?" she quickly ordered, spotting him stroll nonchalantly towards her after seeing the boys off. She felt her pimp's cautious eyes drill into her as he watched from afar, suspicious of this man who was walking towards one of his prized possessions. "Right. Him. Of course! Well, don't be long...an' be a good girl, yeah?" Trish realized, letting her be before running off to put ol Joy-boy at ease. The lovebirds resumed their romance, embracing each other as soon as the brothel owner and his ladies had sped off, leaving them to regale in each other's company-alone, only surrounded by sweet, serenading music emanating from the restaurant and the smell of aromatic herbs that wafted out from its kitchen.

"You again. Out with friends?" she asked, smiling as she freed herself from his embrace, his fragrance clinging on to her as she pulled back. "Aye. Ya too? The moustached man in the gaudy suit – he a friend...or an ex?" he was quick to jump to conclusions, taking her by surprise with his question. "Don't get jealous. It doesn't suit ya. Besides, not to be mean or anythin, but I think ya should stick your own business, Mr. Business Man. Don't stick your nose in mine, kay? It won't

earn ya a second date, ya know?" she warned, disappointed on hearing him and knowing how to tackle suspicious men such as himself. She'd encountered and dealt with many a suspicious men before: Joy-boy included. "Neither will **that!**" she continued, swatting his arm away as she felt him try to cop a feel. She knew how to deal with overanxious men too. "Oi, **that** hurt!" he cried out in pain, quickly withdrawing his arm and hurt by her refusal to let him get any closer. "Just...let's just take things slow, kay? I don't wanna ruin things between us. I really like ya, Ben." she whispered, her lips just inches away from his as she stood tiptoes and wrapped her arms around his lanky frame. A kissable distance and he lustfully longed to taste her, but she seemed to thwart any attempt he made at a lip-lock! "I really like ya too...**babel!**" he whispered back teasingly, giving in to her wishes understandingly and lovingly nuzzling their noses together as he spoke while she purred at his loving gesture. His teasing comment, however, elicited a playful whack from her!

Chapter 5



He didn't want to wake. His body was sore from the night before, having had taken on two beasts. One of them had insisted on restraints to hold him in place while buggering him non-stop, while the other had forgone the customary lube, fucking him till both their manhoods went limp...and you can just imagine what an ordeal that was! He didn't know how he'd gotten through the night, but he

knew that his girl in yellow was partially responsible for him getting through it. He still wanted to roll up and die, but preferably not on a mattress stained in semen and dried blood! The phone alarm roused him and he sat up in bed with a groan, remembering the urgency of the morning.

“So, how was yer trip, mum? How was Paris?” he enquired, helping his fashionable mum off her private jet, leading her by the hand onto the tarmac. “Utterly dreadful! Not a single brothel there’s up to the mark, sweet Benny.” she replied, scoffing at the state of affairs in Paris. Apart from babe, that was another moniker he hated- Benny. Why couldn’t she just call him Ben? The standard shortening of his male given name Benedict. Why Benny? That could also mean the standard shortening of the female given name- Bernice or Bernadette, yet she insisted on calling him Benny.... and he let her!

“Are ya even listenin, Benny my darlin?” he was snapped back into reality as she lightly slapped his cheek repeatedly with a wrinkled, bejeweled hand. “Aye, I am, mum. Go on.” he urged. “An’ the men an’ women workin in the brothels are filthy, they are! They don’t even shave. Not their tresses, nor their armpits, neither the pubic region...The hairy creatures!” the *businesswoman* (that was the title she preferred) highlighted the seriousness of the

matter, scrunching her face up in disgust at the memory. "Lucky bastards!" he muttered under his breath, thankful that the French ones didn't have to undergo and endure the ordeal of hot wax slathered upon them!

"What'd ya say, my sweetheart?" she asked, overhearing him as they walked hand in hand while someone lagged behind them with the luggage. "Uh...filthy, filthy bastards, I agree!" he blurted out, thinking hard to save himself. "An' they aren't even trained in the art o' lovemakin like ya are, my charming lad." she continued, stopping as she rested her hands on his arms and squeezed them. She looked at him approvingly. She was in her heels so he no longer towered over her and she could stare deeply and lovingly into his eyes like she would a lover's. "Well, isn't mummy gonna get a welcome kiss, my sweet?" she reminded with a wink, placing a finger under his chin and scraping it slightly with her sharp finger nail. He stood frozen, knowing what was coming up next as she caressed his handsome face and ran her finger across his lips. Without warning, the 70- something woman enveloped her lips with those of her son's! He found himself kissing her back in the same passionate manner. This was an incestuous tradition that mother-son shared after she returned from a long trip abroad. There was no

escape from this sinful act either as she refused to let him pull away until she'd had her fill of him. The helpless man's Oedipus complex kept pulling him back to her too.

"Hmm....Yer kissing's improved a lot! Been practicing on the boys, have ya? Such tenderness...those lips as sweet as wine...oh!" she moaned, smacking her lips before inching closer for another liplock, trailing her hands up his coat which fluttered in the wind. He staggered back as the image of the girl in yellow flashed in front of his eyes and he frantically wiped the seductive old lady's lipstick off in disgust. For the first time in his sexually confused life, he saw the wrong in what he'd just done with his own mother. He knew there was just one woman he wanted to taste on his lips and it wasn't going to be his own mother! Or even some other promiscuous woman. This was wrong. And ever since Tina's arrival, he'd begun to see the right. "What...? Mummy doesn't get to have seconds?" she muttered, dejected as he pushed her away and politely declined her offer. He hadn't meant to hurt her feelings like that, but the damage was done. She motioned for the luggage to be loaded into the trunk of the car and they didn't exchange a word for the remainder of the journey from airport to home.

Chapter 6

His relationship with his mum now grew strained, but his relationship with Tina grew stronger. It was around the fourth or fifth date that they grew intimate. No longer restricting themselves to tender goodnight pecks or him carrying her around like she was his bride. It turned into full blown passionate snogging sessions, but they hadn't quite gotten further than the snogging or even any *over the clothes stuff*, until one night.

They were at his home which was quite grandiose, posh and twice the size of her flat, in her opinion. He didn't think too much of it. To him it was just a gift from his mum for his services to the brothel and a getaway from the depressing view of the red light district. For someone like her who'd never gotten past the view of the crumbling buildings that housed the brothels, neon sign cluttered pubs and filthy streets, it was Heaven! He'd given her a tour of the place and she'd just about finished praising the flat,

when she felt him pin her against the wall. “What’s come over you, mister?” she asked, taken aback by his sudden demeanor. “I want you.” he whispered, his eyes conveying hunger as they remained everfixed to hers. She leaned forward slowly, but only to leave a solitary peck on his cheek like she’d done on their first date. He was dismayed, but realized there was more to it.

The tease! he thought to himself as he felt her moist lips suck at his dimple before they moved up and engulfed his ear, nibbling and sucking at it, causing him to moan. This was just foreplay, of course, and it wasn’t long before their lips met each others and their tongues overlapped passionately. He led her away from the wall, continuing to snog her while unzipping her dress, gaining access to her soft bare back. He wished to unclasp her bra with that expertise he’d gained unclasping his own all these years, but she pushed him away as suddenly as she’d invited him in.

She ran, he chased, this time pinning her against the leather couch in the living room. She began undoing his belt buckle and slipped her hand into his trousers to *play around* with whatever was causing that bulge on the front of his pants. This was a first for him and for her too. She’d never been the domineering one whenever she’d fucked her clients

and he'd never had a woman give him a hand job or even touch him as intimately as she did.

He continued to kiss her, inching his hands down towards her lower back now. She giggled, quite ticklish at that and was silenced by another passionate kiss from him. He soon regretted his action of reaching under her dress and cupping her butt cheeks, cuz as soon as he did so, he was overcome by a stinging pain as she clamped down hard on his tongue as they kissed!

"Bollocks! Ya bith my thongue...*why?*!" he cried out in pain, talking with great difficulty as he grimaced and rushed to the kitchen to wash out the blood. She apologized profusely, watching as he spit out blood in the sink. He motioned frantically to the fridge for ice cubes and she obliged, handing them over to her injured boyfriend who immediately popped them into his mouth. The cooling sensation helped a bit and he calmed down a bit. This was nothing new for Ben. He'd been bitten on the tongue by his clients before- mostly the crazy ones with a freakish affinity to buccal cavities. He'd even been bitten once on the butt! But, what was her excuse? He'd only almost touched her butt. What was wrong with that?! As he pondered over this, he heard the door slam.

"Thina...waith...!"

Well...that's justh brillianth! Bloody

brillianth! Greath goin, Ben!" he called out behind her, but she'd already left, too embarrassed to turn back. How was she gonna explain to him why she'd done what she'd done? The truth of it was that she'd been viciously spanked by one of her clients with a paddle earlier that day. It'd left her with a sore behind. The pain had just been aggravated by Ben cupping her sore cheeks, leading her to do what she'd done.

She called him later that night to check in on him before turning in for the night. "Again, I'm sorry. I guess I'm just not ready for intimacy yet..." she apologized yet again, pulling her covers to her chin as she whispered into the phone so as to not wake her roommate who slept in the next bed. She'd only just returned from fucking a rich and aggressive regular and it'd taken its toll on her, so Tina didn't plan on waking her up. "Hey...we'll do ith when yer readyh, kay? An' when my thongue's all healedh, yeah? That'll probably be...ow...be aroundh the thime I stop thalking like Scrooge McDuck, eh?" he accepted her apology, joking about his newly acquired lisp just to put her at ease. She hung up with a laugh. God! I love this man! she declared in her mind, before rolling onto her side.

Chapter 7



"Whath're ya fellas...oi! Leth go..!" he cried out as he was forcibly dragged into his dressing room. "Nice dungarees! Pink's so your color, mate!" Shawn complimented, as his mates pushed him into a chair and locked the door behind them. "Thank ya.

Anyway, I was enterthainin that bithnessman from Japan- the one with the huge crush on Kiki Dee, remember?" Ben explained his choice of costume, still confused as to why he'd been held hostage in his own dressing room of all places, by his own friends, of all people! "Oh, Sir Elton Chon? That's what the fella calls himself. He's in London?" Terry enquired, gushing and veering off topic. "Aye, I justh reenacted a raunchy version o' Don't go breakin my heart for im. Now, if ya boys'll accuse me, I've to change...so, geth the fuck outh o' my dressin room!" Ben ordered, turning to the mirror. "First things first, how'd the date go? Did ya...ya know...shag er?" Shawn asked eagerly with a complete disregard for personal boundaries. "Shawn, that's way outta line, mate! The right way to ask a man that is whether he did the dance with no pants with her. Well...did ya?" Terry scolded, before launching an investigation of his own. "Actually, fellas, I think the term you're searching for is made love. Isn't that right..." Ricky joined in, looking to Ben for confirmation. "No, look, there's no righth way o' askin that! In facth, all o' those thermz mathe me feel uncomfortable. Now, pleathe leave!" a struggling Ben insisted, disgusted by their questions. "Well, atleast tell us why ya showed up to work talkin like

that! Are ya puttin on an Italian accent for some client's fantasy or somethin? I know there's quite a lotta men interested in that sorta thing. Mostly mafia..." Terry rambled, fishing for answers.

"Alrighth, if ya *musth* know...The *dathe* *didn'th* really go as *planth*. I mean, there was snoggin *involuth*...an' we fooled *arounth* a *bith*....Things goth *stheamy*, but she ended up *bithin my thongue!* Ya happy now?!" Ben finally spilled the beans with a frustrated sigh. "Well, we thought you'd say that...Well, not exactly **that**, but still..." Terry revealed with a sly smile. "So, we're here to help out!" Shawn declared, finishing his sentence for him. "I told em not to bug into your love life." Ricky added, innocently. "Where are ya *loth* going with this?" Ben asked, uneasily.

"Your first time with a woman is gonna be difficult, lad." Shawn began to lecture like an expert. "An' you don't even have previous experience with one." Terry seconded, tsk-tsking as he spoke. "Ya see, lad, women are different from men..." he continued. "I kinda *figurth* that one *outh* cuz o' the *facth* that men have penises!" Ben cut in sarcastically with a roll of his eyes, before proceeding to undo one of the dungaree straps. He was obviously uninterested in their attempts to *help* him, continuing to remove the wig and place it aside before running a comb

through his scruffy hair. “This is no joke, lad! Get your head in the game! We’re tryin to help out so ya don’t strike out...especially with someone who doesn’t put out!” Shawn reprimanded him for teasing. “Oi! I’m in love with er, ok? Besides, she suffers from a fear of *inthimacy*, kay? So, do I. The only lady I’ve been *inthimate* with is my mum which is *bloomin unnathural*, ok?! An’ then I had feelins for that politician Dennis Rixon, *thill* the *basthard* raped me!” Ben defended his girlfriend, sympathizing with her, choking as he brought up disturbing memories from his past. He went silent after that, putting the comb away as he looked away. “I told ya not to bug in, didn’t I? Poor man’s got issues as is!” he heard Ricky mutter. “Thanks for summin that up, Thick...I mean, Sthicky...I mean....Never mind! *Justh geth outh!*” Ben thanked, before ordering them out once more, losing his temper.

“Are ya sure ya don’t need our help?” Shawn tried to change his mind. “I’m sure. Now, *geth outh* cuz I don’t wanna spend the *resth o’* my soddin day in this bloody dungarees!” Ben declined politely, showing them the door. “Get well soon, Ben!” Ricky called out innocently behind him, before their annoyed friend slammed the door in their faces.

“We’ve a compilation o’ porn that’d help...” he shook his head in disbelief on hearing Terry yell from the

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hallway outside. “That’s ok. I’ll justh read a book!” Ben retorted, hoping they’d give him a break now. “Did he just call me Thicky...or Sthicky...” Ricky enquired as the trio walked away with their literature on the various positions and what not! “Oh, shut the fuck up, Mickey! You’re absolutely useless!” Shawn snapped. “It’s Ricky.” Ricky corrected, following them out loyally.

Chapter 8

A few weeks later, he found himself being confronted by his mum in her office, sitting across from her at her study in awkward silence with only the sound of the roaring fireplace in the background. “I heard from a source that you’ve quit soliciting? I also heard that the reason is you’ve fallen for a girl, is it? That you’re spending your time with er more than with yer clients, my darlin? Is it true, Benny?” she demanded to know, sternly eyeing him as she spoke. “Listen, I won’t be called Benny. I don’t like it. Who are these sources, by the way?” he questioned back. “Just answer the bloody question, Benny!” she ordered, losing her temper and disappointed with his behavior in her absence. “Aye, I am. I’ve fallen in love, mum. Er name’s Tina and we love each other, ok? I no longer want to do this.” he finally mustered up the courage to confess to his mother. “This is how ya repay yer ol mum, ya lil shite!?” she shouted, feeling betrayed by her own son and slamming her

fist upon the desk as she stood up, towering over him in her Prada heels. “Mum, I...I’ve...I...” he stammered, but was saved by the vibration of his mobile. It was a text message from Tina herself , asking him to accompany her to *an audition of a lifetime*. “I’ve gotta go, sorry.” he excused himself, not giving it a second thought as he stood to leave.

“Scuse me?! Yer not goin anywhere. Not out, not anywhere! You’ve got clients! ” the old lady reminded, as he pushed the door open. “Clients? Well.....fuck em!” he retorted, slamming the door as he left. “That’s what I pay ya to do, remember?!” she called out angrily behind him, storming out after him. ” Honestly, what’s gotten into the boy? What’re ya ladies gawkin at?! Get to work!” she muttered under her breath as he was long gone and taking it out at the other drag queens who stared at her on witnessing her throw a fit.

“I’m so sorry about that audition turning out to be for a porno.” he whispered, pitying her as they strolled down the street, hand in hand. “I’m used to it. Ya win some, ya lose some, right?” she shrugged it off, resting her head on his shoulder as they walked. The sky was starting to darken and the stars were coming out. “Aye, true. So, what now? We could head on to my apartment...Finish what we started, ya know...?” he suggested, saucily. “We’ll see. Just be

patient.” came the reply. “I really love ya, ya know?” he professed his love for her in the hopes of changing her mind, squeezing her hand warmly to sweeten the deal. “I do too. I’d just love ya more if ya were patient.” she retorted. He suppressed a sigh on hearing her. “We could go heckle a local comedian. How bout it? I know a great place.” he suggested an alternate idea, noting the fed up tone in her voice at his constantly bringing up the topic of their non-existent sex life. “That’s a weird idea. I’m in!” she agreed after giving it some thought, giggling at his idea of fun.

“That joke’s as ol as yer mum an’ er wrinkled ol arse, mate!” he cursed, loud enough to elicit glares from the audience. She booed at the poor comedian from the bar too. “Ya kiss your mum with that mouth?” Tina asked teasingly, sipping her rum and Coke. “I’d rather ya not bring that up, please.” he advised, as images of his unnatural actions with his mum flashed in front of his eyes once more. “Why? Which son in their right mind wouldn’t kiss their mum? It’s only but natural. Ya don’t have to kiss her on the lips or anythin. Just a peck on the cheek will suff...” she continued to ramble, before ordering another rum and Coke. “Please stop, it’s making me uncomfortable. Where shall we eat?” he interrupted, sipping the remainder of his beer and waiting for

her to gulp down her drink before paying for both. “How bout somewhere fun for a change, eh?” she exclaimed, pulling him out of the bar.

The rest of the night included fast-food, bowling, skating and a whole lotta video games which involved her winning and him losing! They were all her ideas of affordable, childish fun. He was just happy to be out on the town with the girl he loved, instead of in a filthy bed with some hairy, sex-starved beast!

“You’ve never been bowlin, never been skatin or to the arcade...Don’t even have a tattoo, which you’re totally gettin, by the way! Did your mum raise you a sissy or somethin?” she enquired in her usual teasing manner. “No, not really. Just never had a dad to do all that cool stuff with. He died when I was just a tyke.” he confessed, solemnly. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean that. I can be so stupid sometimes!” she apologized, biting her tongue for opening a can of worms. She had something up her sleeve to lighten his mood though, deciding to take advantage of a romantic, starry night.

“That’s alright. D’you want me to hail a cab for ya?” he offered, throwing his coat over her shoulders since it was a chilly night. “Isn’t your apartment a stone’s throw from here? I could sleep over, ya know?” she whispered suggestively, pressing up

against him and it wasn't for warmth! "Are ya sayin...?" he began to ask for confirmation. "Let's do it. Why wait so long, right?" she confirmed, rubbing up against him in a horny manner. "Which part o' my sob story turned ya on, eh, love?" he joked, although he himself was feeling turned on. "I'm lettin ya shag me. It's now or never. Ya in?" she repeated, growing impatient. "I can't believe this...! I'm...uh, I mean, we're actually gonna do it!?" he cried out, excitedly. "For chrissakes, quit acting like you're a teen who's dreamt of this moment his entire life, anticipating the loss of his virginity! Unless, you're not really a...ya know, a virgin, are ya?" she enquired, lowering her voice as she spoke. "Sorta. I've never been with a woman..." he began, but didn't finish his sentence. "**A handsome businessman who's a virgin...?!** That's a first! C'mon, you!" she ordered, amusingly throwing her head back to laugh at his reply before they made their way to his flat to hopefully indulge in passions of the flesh.

Chapter 9



“Just one condition.” she put forth as she pushed him onto the bed, letting him undress and watching as the clothes swiftly left his body, giving way to the pale, freckled skin underneath. He’d let his chest hair grow back as well and she was grateful for it

since it suited him better. She'd liked him without it too, but now he looked manlier and at least she'd have something to run her fingers through after sex! "Condition? What d'you mean?" he asked, raising an eyebrow at her strange comment while making himself comfortable among the many plump pillows and bolsters piled atop the king size mattress to make him feel more comfortable during the act. "I like to be on top." she replied sensuously, feeling that fear of intimacy melt away as she mounted her understanding lover.

He gave in, lying back as she straddled his naked body and began to undress herself, starting with her pale yellow top (evidently she'd taken a shine to the colour too!) He reached behind her, helping to unclasp her bra with ease before she pulled it off, tossing it aside as she freed her breasts of the garment. Unable to resist, he raised his hands to her naked torso, exploring it with his fingers, reaching up to fondle and squeeze each breast, feeling her nipples harden as she arched her back and flinched at his touch. No longer wanting to just touch her body, he rose to devour her, but was pushed back. She was deliberately being a tease, he realized soon enough as she grinned cockily at how easily she could pin the skinny boy down. Not one to give up, he sat up once more and forced himself onto her

bare breasts before she'd push him down again. She caressed his bare back and his hair, almost tipping over as he voraciously savored her nipples, tugging and sucking at them till they were entirely moistened by his saliva. Her passionate moans were muffled as she buried her face into his soft, ruffly hair while he continued to lavish his attention on her fleshy orbs. She succumbed to his passionate energy, deciding it was best not to pull a man away when he was most aroused and at his hungriest, letting him suck at her belly button, shoulders and neck as well till he'd had his fill.

He still hadn't had his fill though, hungry for more as he hiked her tight skirt up and hooked her panties off before bunching them up and tossing them aside. He decided not to let his hands wander to her butt cheeks since he didn't want a repeat performance of what'd occurred earlier. Instead, slipping his hand between her thighs and spreading apart her pink lips which weren't quite moist yet. She let out a soft cry on feeling him thrust a lanky finger inside her, soon followed by another. The men who'd fingered her at work were usually the ones who couldn't satisfy their lovers at home, probably leaving behind scratches and bruises on the inner walls of their delicate genitals with their callous, impatient fingers, just like the ones they'd left behind on hers after

each encounter. He seemed experienced, taking his time as he thrust his fingers in and out gently and rhythmically. Her entire body tingled and trembled as he nursed her wounded clit back to health, trailing his soft fingers on the inside of her scarred lips before gently quickening the pace, taking her by surprise at the sudden change in pace.

“Unnnghh....mmmm....ohhhh...Ben...it feels so good...God...! It hurts so bad...! Oh...Ben...oh, fuck..unnngh..!” she moaned, a surge of pain and passion washing over her as he continued to probe and finger her faster and deeper. She dug her nails into his body, shuddering and wishing he'd remove his fingers now that she was all wet for him and could take no more. She pleaded for him to stop, but knew her pleas were going unheeded as he continued delving into and playing with her wet cunt. She was rewarded for her perseverance as his fingers left her and he brought them up to her hungry lips to taste. She gradually sucked on them, lost in his glinting amber eyes as she smiled down at him, licking and smacking her lips as he withdrew his fingers from her mouth. She pulled him in for a snog, and he found the kiss quite flavorful as the sweet taste of her cunt still lingered on her lips and on her tongue. She bit his lip playfully and immediately his mouth was flooded by

a new taste- that of his blood which she'd drawn with a single bite. The red liquid dripped down his lips towards his chin, before she lapped it up, taking this as an opportunity to nibble at his chin while she was at it.

She was still intent on being the dominatrix though and made her intent clear to him as she forcefully pushed him back onto the mattress.

He laid back in bed, his moist hands still resting on her hips as he decided not to rise again and wait in order to allow her to catch her breath.

He didn't have to wait long. She knew he'd want to enter her soon enough as she felt his manhood harden and press up against her. And she didn't want to wait any longer either. She wanted him inside of her, making her intentions known to him as she lowered herself onto his erection, moaning as it penetrated deeper than his finger had.

The room soon rang out with both their climactic, orgasmic cries and the creak of the bed under their weight as she rocked back and forth upon him and he grinded harder and faster into her. Seeing her beautiful breasts bounce about like that and hearing someone howl out his male given name for a change, he grew even more aroused and sure enough, felt himself come, sending jets of cum into her and filling her up with each thrust. She grinned in satisfaction,

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collapsing onto him once he'd pulled out of her. She received a peck from him on her temple as a sign of gratitude for the great time she'd just given him.

Her hunger hadn't subsided yet apparently, as she soon disappeared under the sheets to tend to his throbbing manhood, running her tongue up and down its shaft and planting kisses all over its head where she could still taste traces of her own wetness, fellating him as a reward for the great time he'd just given her.

Chapter 10



“Scarletina, ya naughty girl! Where have ya been, eh? C’mon, change into that sexy leather outfit of yours. You’ve got a client waitin, doll-face.” Joy-boy greeted with a dirty wink as she trudged back to the brothel after spending the night with her lover. “Joy, not now. I’m really tired an’ sore. Think I’m gonna sleep it off. Let one of the other girls handle it, yeah?” Tina excused herself, before starting to go

upstairs to her room, swatting his arm away as he handed her the keycard of her client's room. "Sore, eh? What's the reason behind your sudden soreness? Your boyfriend?" he demanded to know, grabbing her arm as he stopped her. "He's a client, Joy. Not my boyfriend. Just a client." she lied, freeing herself from his grip with much effort. She stared down at her bruised wrist, rubbing it before continuing up the stairs. The pimp pursued her as she hurried to her room. "He seems to be quite attached to ya. Does he pay for all these *regular sessions*, pray tell?" he continued to enquire suspiciously, following her into the dim room which stunk of his strong cologne as he entered. "Joy, can I just go? I'm really sleep.." she whispered, showing him out. "You'll go where I tell ya!" he snapped, raising his voice at her and glaring at her with his bloodshot, villainous eyes which sent chills down her spine. "Bugger off, Joy! I'm not your slave!" she retorted.

"How dare ya, ya slut!?" he flared up on hearing her, gripping at her blouse and tearing it, revealing part of her bra and the fresh hickeys and bitemarks on her neck. He shook her by the bra strap, pulling it down further to reveal more bitemarks around her cleavage and nipples. She hugged herself, shivering in her half-naked form as frosty London air streamed in through the cracked windows and

frightened as he fixed her with an icy glare.

“Joy, stop it! Joy...what’s wrong?!” her roommate came to her rescue on noticing the commotion. “I’d throw ya out on the street right now if ya weren’t the finest whore my clients ever had! But, don’t think I’ll take it easy on ya! I want ya to stop seeing this loser who you’re goin out with, ya hear me, Scarletina?!” Joy ordered, ignoring her and turning his attention to Tina who looked him in the eye as he spoke this time. “It’s just Tina. An’ I love him...An’ I’m not leavin....aah! ” she began, but never finished, as he landed a hard slap to her cheek. She fell to the ground, her head hitting the bedside table with a sickening crack as she fell! “Ya were sayin?!” he called out mockingly, sneering as she lay face down on the worn out carpet.

“Joy, she’s bleedin! What’d ya do?!” the other woman cried out behind the uncaring man as he prepared to leave. “Get her to the hospital. And not a word about this to anyone. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll have to find a suitable replacement for Mr. Linton. He was rather keen on havin Scarletina, though. Oh, well...!” Joy ordered, waving her off as he made his way downstairs again. “Joy, don’t go! We’ve to...Oh, God...! Tina, stay with me...wake up please...oh, God! Sara, call an ambulance!” her concerned roommate tried her best to keep her awake as blood

pooled around her banged up head and she drifted in and out of consciousness.

“Mm...B...Ben? Ben, you’re not s’posed to be here. Joy, he’ll...” she panicked when she came to in the hospital, feeling him clasping her hand assuringly. Her head was bandaged, having had received quite a lotta stitches. “Joy won’t bother ya. I’ll make sure of it, kay? I called Ben. Thought you’d need someone who loves ya by your side. I’ll give ya two some time alone, yeah?” her roommate chimed in, leaving Ben by her bedside and giving the two lovers some privacy.

“Yer friend told me ya had a bad fall. But I believe that bastard Joy had somethin to do with it. When I get my hands on im, I’ll...” Ben began to threaten, his eyes as bloodshot as Joy’s had been. “Swear ya won’t go anywhere near that man, Ben. I don’t want ya gettin your hands dirty in that filth!” she advised, silencing him with her palm pressed against his mouth. He removed it, pecking it with his soft lips and nursing her bruises with the same treatment. “What sorta control....what sorta power does he have o'er ya, love?” he asked, running a hand through her loose hair as he looked up at her pitifully. “He doesn’t. No-one does, Ben. I’m yours, entirely yours....! The night ya took me, I became entirely yours! That’s why I want ya to take

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me further away, Ben. Let's get married, love." she replied, desperately wanting to escape now more than ever as she stared wistfully into his amber eyes with her own tearful ones.

"Married?! We just met weeks ago. How can I...? M...marry?" he stammered, horrified by her proposal. He'd put it down to too much painkiller, had she not sounded genuinely determined. "Do somethin, Ben! I can't go back home. I don't wanna go back! I'm too scared..." she broke down in his arms as he sat at the edge of her bed to comfort her.

"Shhh....don't cry, you. Yer strong, ya are! Tell ya what, I'll come by to pick up yer stuff an' we'll go to my place, yeah? Would ya like that?" he suggested after much thought. "Ya mean, move in with ya...?" she enquired, smiling through the tears on hearing him. "Aye. Ya can stay o'er as long as ya like. I know ya like it there, with me." he replied, wiping her tears away and smiling back on seeing her smile. "It feels like home. You an' me, cuddled in bed...That's home for me." he heard her agree.

Chapter 11



“Mornin, sleepy-head! I made pancakes! I might’ve added excessive salt to the batter though. Still groggy from all the painkillers...” he heard Tina call out as he entered the kitchen in his PJs. She sat him down, scooping some unappealing looking oatmeal onto his plate alongside burnt bacon and rubbery

pancakes. “I think ya should leave the cookin to me. Does that still hurt, by the way?” he enquired, pushing the plate away before pulling her beanie up to check on her healing wound. “Like a bitch!” she hissed in pain, swatting his arm away as he pressed it lightly. “I wish you’d stop wearin the bloody beanie. It doesn’t look that bad, honestly!” he comforted, pouring himself some coffee and pouring her a cup as well. “Ya leave that to me. Anyway, while we’re bein honest...I found some clothing in your closet that really caught my attention!” she retorted. Her revelation made him sputter his coffee. He cussed under his breath, realizing she’d found the drag queen costumes which he hid behind his regular clothes at the back of the closet.

“What pray tell were ya doin snoopin around my closet, love?” he demanded to know, wiping his mouth with a napkin. “Tryin on one of your shirts. Does it look good on me?” she whispered suggestively, walking out from behind the counter to reveal she was only wearing a solitary silk shirt that showed off her bare legs and her perky nipples through the fabric. “Now, are ya gonna spill bout the women’s dresses and garter belts, or do I have to torture it outta ya?” she teased, wrapping her arms around him as she straddled him. They’d refrained from any strenuous sexual activity ever since her

discharge.

"If ya must know, this flat belonged to me mum before she moved into a bigger place. She was an actress. Mostly theater. Those are er costumes." he lied to cover up his secret. "Oh! Cool beans! D'you think she could give me tips on actin? Could ya ask?" the aspiring actress requested, lapping up his lie. "We're not really on talkin terms. Dontcha dare ask why. We're just not." he excused himself. "Well, that's too bad. For a minute there though, I thought ya were a drag queen!" she cracked herself up, unknowingly causing him a bit of discomfort as she brought up the topic of drag queens. "Although, I'm curious...with all those costumes in there...d'you ever, ya know, dress around in drag? Just walk around to fulfill some dirty fantasy, perhaps?" she continued, chattier than usual. "Ya wanna try on a costume, dontcha?" he guessed, chuckling at her curious attitude. She nodded, and he obliged.

"How are ya such an expert at applyin makeup?" she was curious yet again, as he used a makeup brush to add final touches. "Helped my mum out a lot, doin er makeup. Now, sit still...Almost done....*Et Voila!*" he addressed her question hurryingly, before handing her a mirror. "Do I look like a general or what!" she exclaimed in an impressed manner, saluting him teasingly before strutting around the room in the

general's costume (which he'd worn for horny army men who'd frequented the brothel before they were deployed. One last night out on the town, they called it!) "Ya sorta look tomboyish with yer hair done up like that. Tucked under yer hat, like that. It's turnin me on...!" he confessed, wrapping his arms around her waist as he pulled his official army woman towards him for a snog. She kissed him back, as determined as him to break that dry spell. "Well, I hope ya don't mind...I'm not wearin any underwear...An' ya don't have to worry bout takin my bra off, either!" she revealed, licking her lips as she led him to the bedroom, tugging him by his undershirt to do so. "C'mere, ya!" he whispered, unbuttoning her uniform as he lay atop her and slowly began to suck and bite at her lower lip, neck and whatever else remained untouched by the coarse fabric, while she moaned in satisfaction and ran her fingers through his hair.

Chapter 12



"Could ya change the channel please? Anythin without that bastard's face on it?" Ben requested, as the couple sat down to watch telly and Tina browsed through the channels, landing on the news channel where MP Dennis Rixon discussed his plans to crack down on the red light district as soon as possible. Mr. Rixon reeled the press and everyone else in with that charm, that suave American accent and gained sympathy for coming out of the closet at the height of his political career. But, Ben knew better. "What's the matter, love?" she asked, on seeing him scowl at the handsome face on the screen. "It's just that...I

knew im before he was, ya know, who he is now.” Ben confessed. “Oh, that’s so cool! Really? What were ya, best mates or somethin?” she enquired chirpily, putting the remote control away to hear more about this developing story. “I’d rather not talk bout it. Just change the channel please.” he pleaded, not in the mood to say more as he handed her the remote control. “Take that as a no, then, shall I?” she muttered disappointingly, doing as told as she browsed through reruns of crime dramas and sci-fi shows.

In fact, Ben’s memories of the part Scottish-part American MP (who’d gotten in just cuz of his dad’s connections) were far from pleasant. He sat back, recounting how they’d met all those years ago and how that very accent and charm had made him fall in love and later, betrayed him:

flashback

He was soliciting in Hyde Park one night. Just a young drag queen starting out, back before even the red light district had established itself and the park was the main venue for illicit liaisons. He kept to the shadows, twirling his curls impatiently as he looked around at sex-frenzied teens who made love in parked cars or drunk undergraduates skinny-dipping in ponds/ smoked hash, unafraid of coppers. Sure enough, there came the sound of loud, drunken singing from a distance and a slovenly

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group of twenty-somethings approached him. Stitched into their untidy jackets was the name of a nearby law school. The bloke in the middle looked smashed and would have hit the grassy knoll if his friends hadn't flanked him and held him up.

"Ooh...Feelin like a run-in with the law, eh, lads?" the lanky drag queen enquired teasingly as one of them emptied his wallet, palming him a crisp note for his services. "So, which o' ya sexy lads am I goin home with?" he asked in a sultry voice, eyeing the group as he stashed the note away in his cleavage between the two mounds of artificial flesh. "Him...take him!" the flankers cried out mischievously, referring to their smashed mate. "Oh, no...no....! C'mon, ya guys...this isn't funny, quit it!" he declined politely, an American accent escaping his lips as he spoke up. "We dare ya, mate! Ya too yellow, mate?" they dared and mocked, cackling into the wind while Ben/ Bianca watched amusingly. "I think ya oughta answer em, tiger!" he chimed in, rolling his tongue around his mouth seductively as he rooted for his shy client in the hopes of reeling him in.

"Am I too...what?! I'll show ya....! C'mon, let's go, you..." egged on by him, the American took on their dare, turning to the drag queen and putting an arm around his waist. Ben/ Bianca grinned victoriously, running his fingers through his client's sleek and spiky hair as he led the way."The name's Bianca, love." he corrected his client.

His shyness seemed to melt away and Ben/Bianca could sense him grow more confident as he lowered his hand to his butt cheeks while waving his mates off with the other hand. “Right-o! I’ll see y’all in the mornin. That’s a lovely name, by the way, hotness! Is it ok if I call ya babe?” he enquired, almost taking a tumble in his drunken stupor. “Ya can call me anythin ya like, tiger!” Ben/ Bianca replied, pulling him to his feet as they disappeared into the night.

“So, what d’you wanna do? I can do anythin that catches yer fancy, tiger...” Ben/ Bianca whispered to Dennis with a seductive lick of his glossy lips (his name was stitched on his lapel), straddling him on the mattress of a cheap hotel room bed. He heard Dennis sigh as his head hit the pillow, pondering over his decision as he looked up at the gorgeous man who straddled him, in wait for his reply. Ben/ Bianca hoped he wasn’t gonna change his mind, deciding to put him at ease by leaning down and pressing his lips against his. This seemed to relax Dennis a bit as he reveled in the soft curls caressing his face, his sweet scent and the feel of another man’s tongue invading his mouth.

“Listen...no offence, babe...But, I’m not really into the whole drag queen routine. So...d’you think ya could take all this off...? I’d really appreciate that.” Dennis confessed, putting an end to the liplock as he was still a bit uncomfortable about the whole idea of buggering a drag queen, even though he’d quite enjoyed snogging one just

then. “Anythin ya like, tiger...” Ben/ Bianca obliged, losing no time in unbuttoning his blouse, then unstrapping his bra and tossing them aside. The wig and earrings were the next to go and so were the eyelashes.

He stood up, rolling off the bed as he unzipped his skirt and kicked off his heels as well, stripping naked for Dennis who still lay on his back and looked at the young, freckled man in front of him. He hadn’t expected him to be around his age, realizing that the makeup made him look older.

“That, right there...that’s perfect...” were the only words Dennis managed to mumble in praise as he stood up, examining the other man’s pale, hairless skin before pinning him against the wall. Ben/ Bianca was only allowed to moan in ecstasy as his client engorged his lips, before proceeding to suck at his neck hungrily. He felt the coarse fabric of the student’s trousers upon his erect head as Dennis rubbed against him vigorously, steaming it up further.

Alas, it was only a brief moment, as he soon felt his client’s body go limp and his entwined fingers unclasped themselves from his own lanky fingers. The drunk student had passed out in his arms!

Ben/ Bianca let him sleep it off, removing his jacket for him and tucking him in before getting under the covers with him. He chuckled softly as he listened to the cute man with the dimpled chin snore and occasionally mumble legal lexicon in his sleep. He’d been treated as nothing

Vidal D'costa

more than a drag queen by his other clients, never once asked to show his real self, the one trapped under layers of heavy makeup...and here was someone who craved to taste or be tasted by Benjamin instead of Bianca. “Thanks for the great time, mate.” he mouthed gratefully, before resting his head against Dennis’ chest and snuggling up to him for the rest of the night.

Chapter 13

Vidal D'costa



Dennis called on him time and again after that night. What'd started out as just a drunk, brief one night stand soon blossomed into a full fledged love affair between an infatuated Ben and the young law student. Hyde Park proved to be the catalyst for their romance as they met

LOVE UNDER THE RED LIGHT

up occasionally, picnicking under the trees with Ben lying with his head in Dennis' lap, listening intently as he read out loud from a book in his gorgeous American accent or fed him grapes from the food hamper.

At times, when it wasn't too chilly in the park, these tender moments were replaced by lustful moments in broad daylight which included both men ditching their shirts and intimately lying in the grass in only their denims. Shirtless and carefree, they'd roll around, camouflaged from the rest of the world by the long grass blades and thick foliage as they kissed passionately, embracing each other and entwining their young bodies. Ben buried his face into his young lover's spiky hair each time he felt like moaning. He was rather privy to the passerby listening in and found it hard to suppress his passionate cries each time Dennis proceeded to suck at his bare nipples or circled them with his tongue, before tugging at each with his teeth and planting a kiss on each once he'd left them red and sore.

But, it never went beyond snogging and above the waist stuff, since Ben was insistent on their first time together being special instead of just relegating it to public sex in Hyde Park, which to be honest wasn't really his favorite place. Dennis groaned dejectedly as his hand was swatted away yet again, just as he'd brought it down to Ben's crotch to address the bulge forming on the front of his denims there. "Just be patient, kay, tiger?" Ben whispered reassuringly, as he rolled atop him and kissed him to cheer

him up once more, nibbling at his chin dimple since he knew that was one of his erogenous zones. Blood trickled down his chin as a mischievous Ben bit hard into it. Dennis flashed him a wicked grin, tugging hard at his lover's ruffly, blonde locks without warning, punishing him for being such a tease.

"A little birdy told me it was your birthday...." Dennis greeted one night, as they rang in birthday celebrations at the same hotel room where they'd first met. Only now, it didn't look as cheap as it did then. He'd transformed it into a fancy room with rose petals lining the bed and also along the spotless carpet (which he'd ordered to be cleaned) and fairy lights hung from the ceiling, twinkling like stars and covering up the peeling wallpaper, giving off a real posh and fancy vibe. "Thanks, Dennis. Although, I must say, I'm more o' a beer person myself." a blushing Ben confessed, as they sat on the edge of the bed and his polite boyfriend poured him a glass of wine. "Just have a sip, babe. It's lovely wine. Pinot Noir- the finest, only for my babe!" Dennis insisted boastfully, before clinking their glasses together. "I was hopin we'd, ya know...Since we have the room to ourselves, ya know..." Dennis heard Ben stammer as he took a sip from his own glass. Ben stopped short, deciding on a sip in order to muster up courage to say what was on his mind.

"I know exactly what's on your mind, babe. In fact, I bought this earlier today. Was hopin you'd put it on for

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me, ya know...like ol times....” Dennis finished his nervous boyfriend’s sentence, as if reading his mind. He set the glass aside, motioning to Ben to do the same, before handing him a gift-wrapped parcel.

Ben laughed, hoping the contents of the gift wrapped box were a joke, as he unwrapped it- revealing sexy lingerie, a short leopard print dress and black heels. He looked up at Dennis as if searching for an explanation from the man. “C’mon.....just to spice things up?” Dennis requested with a wink, as he seemed hesitant to put it on. “Well, alright...as long as I don’t have to wear anythin like this again.” he finally declared, succumbing to those puppy eyes.

“Ya know, Dennis, I was thinkin o’ quittin all this. We could go somewhere far, settle down...just ya an’ me. I really love you, tiger.” Ben proclaimed from the bathroom, laying out his plans to the one man whom he confided in. He hoped there’d be more such hicky marks all over his body at the end of the night, as he admired the red marks on his bare skin in the mirror while pulling his tee off, before slipping on the lil leopard print number. He plopped on the wig that came with it too, before ditching his denims and converse for the pretty heels. “I love ya too, babe. Now, be quick bout it, eh?” came the sound of his impatient boyfriend from the other end of the door. “Here I come!” Ben exclaimed, pushing the door open excitedly, only to stop short at the doorway.

"Dennis, what's this...? I thought it was just the two o' us alone in ere. Just a special night..." Ben whispered, embarrassed on seeing 5-6 chums from Dennis' college gathered around the room as if waiting for him. From their wicked expressions, he could tell they were up to no good. "It's gonna be a special night for them too. They've never been with a drag queen..." Dennis mocked, leading him to the bed reassuringly before flinging him onto it forcibly. "Or in one, either!" Ben gasped, his eyes widening in horror as one of the overenthusiastic lads leapt atop him and pinned him against the mattress. He struggled to breath, helplessly watching Dennis grin at him from a corner, egging on his chums and urging them to finger Ben. "Dennis, ask em to leave, please. I do not like this....!" Ben pleaded on seeing the man atop him begin to unbuckle his belt, unzipping his pants to pull out his large, throbbing member. His pleas went unheard as the others, including Dennis, stripped their own clothes off as well. He gulped, his heart beating faster and faster at what was occurring. "I...I... Did you...didddd y.y..P..pu...put somethin in...in my v...v...wine, Dan...?" he slurred, finding it hard to speak and feeling his flailing arms go numb all of a sudden. "Just a lil somethin to help ya relax...while the boys took ya, babe!" he heard Dennis reveal, before the boys turned his paralysed body over, making him lie on his tummy as they pulled his dress up. He'd forgone the knickers as a surprise for his conniving boyfriend and regretted it now as the

men took turns spanking him and pulling his cheeks apart to finger him till he was red and sore. Then, he felt the bed creak under someone's weight and pain shot through him as the drug wore off and the buggering began! They'd forgone the lube, which made it even more painful!

"Unnnghh...ahhh....Christ...! Please...st...stop...!
Dan...Make em stop, please! Oh, God...it hurts! I can't take anym....mmf! he cried out, tearing up as each man clambered onto his petite frame and thrust harder and deeper. They were the only ones enjoying themselves, while he suffered. His cries drowned out by their orgasmic moans and muffled by a hand clamping down on his mouth as he looked up from the mattress to protest, holding him down throughout the act this time. Another hand pushed him face down into the mattress once more. They rocked harder, faster, viciously, even cumming and filling him up once or twice, before he passed out.

He didn't know what else they'd indulged in, but he woke to an empty room, still lying face down in a blood soaked bed that reeked of semen and blood, with bite marks, scratches, bleeding cuts and hickeys all over his naked body and a never ending ache in his insides. He sat up in bed with a groan and sniffled, breaking down and burying his face into his palms to weep at the ordeal and the betrayal. The room felt cheaper and filthier to him now, as he covered his naked, injured body with the torn, bloody dress and shivered with cold and fright. He was losing

more and more blood, he realized, as blood pooled around him and stained the once pristine white sheets, seeping from whatever organ the rapists had ruptured along with his heart.

After that, it was weeks in the hospital for recuperation. His business-minded mum however, didn't let him off the hook that easily even after such a gut-wrenching and traumatizing event. He was back to work soon after. Only this time, she kept a watchful eye on whom he entertained, making sure his emotions didn't get the better of him this time around.

flashback ends

He knew he had to forget for Tina's sake. She was his life now. It probably sounded cliched, but she was his past, present and future. The one who could erase every monstrous deed that overshadowed his life. He snapped back into the present on feeling her wrap her arms around his waist as she dozed off beside him on the couch. "Piss off, Dan!" he snorted, reaching for the remote before finally switching off the telly.

Chapter 14

“Where d’you reckon we keep these costumes, then? Most o’ yer stuff’s taken up the space!” he muttered under his breath once they’d finished arranging her clothes and accessories and what not in the closet. “Love, if you’re lookin for a topic for our first fight as a couple, I’d rather not have it be on *Where’re we gonna keep your mother’s costumes?* I dunno, ya could always donate em or give em away or...” she began to list out the possibilities that lay in store for the outfits. “How bout return em to er? Bout time anyway!” he finally spoke up on digging out the wretched leopard print dress from under the pile. It opened up old wounds for him as he remembered his mother salvage it from the crime scene while he was being carried onto the ambulance. She’d had it washed, dry-cleaned, gotten rid of any and all traces of semen and blood and had it patched up for him to wear once he’d recovered and returned to work. Why waste the nice dress your son was raped in,

when you can use it to your benefit in the hopes that it can reel in more customers?! He tossed it aside, scrunching his face up in disgust at the thought. “Well, I am gonna miss their presence in our role-playin games...!” Tina quipped, snapping him back into reality with a peck to his cheek, leaving him to stuff the costumes into a duffel bag.

“D’you think ya could pick up some pancake mix on the way home, love? We’re out.” she requested from the kitchen, motioning to the empty box of pancake mix near the sink while he set the bulging bag on the counter once he’d finished packing. “Yeah, right! Like I’m lettin ya anywhere near pancake batter! From now on, I’m in charge o’ breakfast.” he teased her cooking skills. “I was thinkin more along the lines of slatherin the batter on my body an’ havin ya lick it off...!” she whispered, leaning over the counter seductively till their noses touched. Then, she let her lips do their job, planting a passionate goodbye kiss that left him aroused and wanting more. But he remembered the task at hand, pulling away from her sweet lips before lifting the heavy bag off the countertop. “I’ll bring two boxes. Love ya!” the man on a mission promised, eliciting a giggle from her as she eyed his perky butt before it disappeared out the door. “Love ya too! ” she called out behind him, as lovingly as he’d said it.

“It’s bout time ya returned, ya bastard! Where have ya been, eh?!” Shawn greeted, hugging him as he entered the dressing room where his mates prepped up to be buggered in their revealing outfits. He received an equally bone-crushing hug from Terry. “Mate, we’ve missed ya! Your mum’s been wreakin havoc in your absence! She’s been pullin each one of us into her office to interrogate us, she has! Been demandin to know who fixed ya up with the girl who’s stolen your heart an’ fucked up her brothel! She’s losin her clientele and now, her mind!” Terry seconded, chuckling nervously. “Ooh...Ricky’s here! How’d it go, Ricky?” Shawn quickly changed the topic, jumping up on seeing their flustered mate return from the hot seat. He walked past them as if they were ghosts, making his way to the mirror and sat down in front of it. They watched, cocking their heads at him as he played a melancholic song (in this case, it was *Chances* by Athlete, that wafted out and lent a sombre tone to the evening) on the radio on his dressing table, mouthing the lyrics in an absent minded manner . He often listened to music before a performance to relax himself. But this time, it was different. “There’ll be no performances from *Red-lips Ricky* any more.” they heard him mutter as he slumped onto the cushioned stool in front of the dressing table. His dead eyes fixed on his reflection,

he reached up to pull off his wig, then proceeded to rub his face vigorously to wipe off his mask of makeup, smudging his lipstick every which way and not giving a shite about it. Something was bothering their usually upbeat and chirpy friend. They noticed tears brimming in his eyes as he looked away from the mirror and at them. The salty streams emerging from his tear ducts smudged his eyeliner a great deal, but he didn't bother with a tissue. It was like he'd given up on life or something!

"What's with him? " Ben enquired about their young friend to Shawn, raising an eyebrow at his condition. Shawn simply shrugged. So did Terry. Neither of them knew the reason why he was so down in the dumps, but Ben figured it had something to do with his evil mum! "Ricky, mate...what's the matter?" Ben asked him directly now. "Ya called me **Ricky**. By my proper name! Oh, well..better late than never, eh?" Ricky exclaimed gratefully, looking up and smiling on feeling Ben's hand on his shoulder. "What d'you mean? What's **she** done to ya, mate?" Ben continued to prod, knowing that his mum could be the only one responsible for his young mate's sullen state. "I couldn't let em fire ya both. You're my seniors...My mentors, ya are. She threatened to start firing if no-one came forward. I took the bullet for ya. I fessed

up. Said it was me who'd done it. Fixed Ben up with the love of his life. Said I just wanted him to be happy. Said I didn't regret it! Then, she fired me. Called me a *meddlin cunt*, she did! But, it was a pleasure takin a bullet for my mates...It truly was!" Ricky the martyr confessed, to their horror. Ben quickly embraced the innocent boy as he broke down in his arms. "Ricky, ya crazy bastard...! Why would ya...?!" Shawn and Terry reprimanded in unison, finding his actions unbelievable. He'd actually gone and thrown himself under the bus, rather than have the actual matchmakers (Shawn and Terry) bear the brunt of it and lose their jobs. It was then that they realized what true friendship was. "Oh...she's gonna get it this time! She's gone too far now...!" Ben declared, fuming as he stormed out of the room, deciding to take matters into his own hand.

"Ya bitch! Ya bloody bitch! How dare ya...?!" he screamed accusingly, rushing at her. He'd put her on a pedestal for far too long, respected her, bent to her whims and blindly obeyed her like a good son. But all that went out the window when she began to *persecute* his friends! "Look who's here. An' looks like she's in quite a temper! What's this, then? Yer clothes, Benny?" she mocked, unnerved by his furious entrance, twiddling her thumbs and leaning

back in her chair as he hurled the partially open duffle bag onto the desk. She peeked in to examine its contents, raising her eyebrows at his sudden action. “The name’s Benedict. Not Benny, not Bianca...It’s Benedict! An’ aye, these are the clothes. But, they’re not mine! They never have been!” he retorted, his bloodshot eyes peering into her soul...That is, if the cruel lady even possessed one! “What d’you mean...? What are ya gonna do to em?” she demanded an explanation for this startling decision. “I was hopin to return em so ya could force some other poor soul to wear em, but now I’ve changed my mind. Think I’d rather **burn** em!” he made his decision clear and known to her. “Yer actin mental! Sit down, my darlin. Let’s talk.” she attempted to calm him down, manipulate him in staying if possible. “If it wasn’t clear before, I’m makin it fairly clear now....I quit!” he cried out, driving the stake into her cold, black heart once and for all.

“I didn’t raise my son as a quitter. Nor did I raise a lunatic, ya lil shite! Ya remember the last time ya rebelled an’ tried to run, dontcha? How mummy had to come to yer rescue, to drag ya to the hospital, ya ungrateful and disrespectful piece o’ shite!?” she raised her voice at him, standing up as he picked up the duffel bag, preparing to empty its contents into

the burning fireplace now. “I dunno who or what ya raised...But I know I don’t wanna be that person anymore! I’m a **man**, who’s in love with a **woman**, who wants to spend the rest of his life with her. I’m not the man ya raised...to be a toy for other men to do with as they pleased...to be sexually abused, raped by yer many sick and perverted *friends*, mum! For chrissakes, I was just a kid! How could ya...Force me into this...Push me into this?! An’ I’m sick an’ tired o’ bein reminded about it every single day o’ my bloody grown-up life!! This is for every single day o’ my childhood an’ my adulthood that ya ruined to keep yer business runnin, mum.” he broke down, before tossing each item of scanty clothing he’d been forced to wear into the roaring fires. His eyes glinted as the flames rose, lapping up and claiming the clothes, crackling the fabric. “What’re ya...Stop it! Stop this at once or I’ll call security on ya, ya childish prick!” his aghast mother threatened, pulling him away as smoke billowed from the burning pile. He tossed the empty duffel bag aside. The deed was done. “I’m goin, anyway! I’m goin home.” he muttered, pushing her away and freeing himself from her grip. “To that whore?” he heard her call out mockingly behind him.

“Dontcha dare call er that!” he warned, flaring up on hearing her. “Don’t believe me? Yer friend, the

new bloke, he confessed **everythin**. Includin the fact that he set ya up with a prostitute on yer blind date. She works for our rival across the street an' goes by the name *Scarletina*, the exotic creature! Nice mates you've got yerself there, Benny." she spilt the beans, sniggering at his choice of friends. "Ask em yerself if ya like. Or better still, ask er!" she called out behind him with a cunning grin, adding fuel to the already raging fire as he stormed out. He shook his head in disbelief as he returned to his friends in the dressing room. Much to his horror, it turned out to be true and none of the boys denied it when he asked.

Chapter 15



“How could ya lie to me bout this...? Ya knew I didn’t want to date another prostitute an’ yet...” Ben muttered through clenched teeth as he confronted Shawn about it. “Ya can’t afford to be picky, ya know...” Terry interrupted jokingly, trying to ease the tension between the two. “I wasn’t talkin to ya, Ter, so bug out! I was talkin to **im**. He asked me to go out with **er** in the first place. I asked ya not to meddle in my affairs, but ya went ahead an’ did anyway! I could’ve just walked into a decent coffee shop an’ found myself someone who didn’t shag people for money. I didn’t need yer bloody blind dates! I was

fine by myself." he snapped, screaming out accusingly. "No, ya weren't! An' don't say ya were, cuz ya weren't!" Shawn screamed back, standing his ground and defending his actions to his upset friend. "I think we've established that, Shawn." Terry chimed in, yet again. "Ya knew it too, Ter. He was a confused git before we introduced him to Tina. Mate, ya were gay one day, straight the next...once ya were bi too! Atleast with Tina, ya knew ya loved **someone**...An' that the someone ya loved...well, **she** loved ya back, didn't she?" Shawn reminded, looking to Terry for confirmation. "An' don't get me started on datin people outside the red light district! They're not all turned on by us, mate. Some of em despise us. Are put off by what we do. They think we **chose** this profession! An' how d'you know your *coffee shop girlfriend* would accept ya once she found out ya buggered men, eh, genius? She'd probably ostracize ya! Atleast, Tina knows what it's like, to be trapped in this bloody place! She'd understand...She'd accept ya for who ya are. She's the best we could find, mate." Shawn continued. "No, she's just a cheap prostitute ya hired to make me feel better! All my life...just lie after lie...an' I'm bloomin sick o' it! Just fuckin get out, ya lot!" Ben ordered stubbornly, shooing them out. He was too angry to listen. "Fine, be that way! We were just

tryin to help. Your mum pushed ya into this...but we, bein your mates, we were tryin to pull ya outta this, ya dick! We helped ya find love...but, you're too blind to see that, I s'posse. You're just blind an' oblivious to everythin, arentcha, Ben?" a hurt Shawn snorted, before Terry led him out. They could hear him sniffling as they left.

"Oh...brilliant! My present's manipulative, my future's a lie...an' now, my past's ere to haunt me!" he grumbled, deciding to head out once he'd composed himself. He didn't really want to see anyone right now. Especially not Dennis, whom he saw step out from his town car on the curb downstairs. Through the solitary window in the dressing room, he could see the street below and the protests which erupted. He was intent on seeing the angry mob of drag queens, prostitutes, pimps, et al, lynch his ex flame, but no such luck as the MP pushed his way through the crowd and was ushered into the brothel by Ben's mum. Ben appeared quizzical as to what was going on, but he knew mum had a trick up her sleeve as he would find out soon enough. "Just a minute, Mr. Rixon. I've gotta fix up the office. It's a bit smoky." he heard her whisper from the doorway, before hurrying away up the stairs. He saw Dennis follow behind, deciding to explore the hallways on his own, stopping at each room to take in the scent of

cigarette smoke and cheap perfume. It was too late for Ben to escape now. Not without bumping into Dennis, anyway. He prayed the wicked man wouldn't stop at or enter the dressing room. In case the man came near him, Ben was prepared, balling his fist as that repressed anger came to the fore. He heard the door creak and the politician peep in. A surprised look on his face, on seeing Ben glare back at him.

"The tiger's outta his cage an' on the prowl! Well, well...if it isn't my babe..." Dennis teased, his old charming self as he inched closer. "Call me that again an' see what happens!" Ben threatened, clenching his teeth as he backed up against the dressing table. "Is my babe angry at me? Are ya, tigress? I like the stubble, by the way. Gives your previous clean shaven look a run for its money. It's more sexy too. Boyish charm replaced by rugged handsomeness...c'mere, you!" Dennis whispered charmingly, making him flinch as he reached out to caress his lip. "Dontcha come near me, ya bastard! Don't even dare touch me!" a sneering Ben flared up, swatting his arm away. "Ya know what happened the last time someone dared me to do somethin...I walked away with ya, my prized tigress!" a boisterous Dennis reminded of that fateful night in Hyde Park. He looked around, hoping no-one was around to

see or hear them, before continuing suggestively—“C’mom, let’s go somewhere nice. Let’s do somethin fun...away from this chaos. In fact, if ya like, we can stay here and do somethin fun as well. Things might get even more chaotic! What d’you say, babe?” Ben scrunched his face up in disgust as Dennis pressed up against him and he felt his erection. He tried to force himself on Ben. This was the last straw! “Ooh...I know! Let’s get plastered on some Pinot Noir an’ ya can call yer mates o’er to rape me like the last time! Isn’t that yer idea o’ fun, ya bastard?!” Ben let out all that repressed anger now, as he pushed him off, grabbing him by the collar and pinning him against the window. It cracked under their weight and blood trickled down Dennis’ head as it hit the glass.

“Sounds like my babe’s still angry at me for that night. C’mom...babe, ya enjoyed it! We all did!” Dennis whispered, teasingly. “I did not, ya sick bastard! What we had was special!” Ben cried out, still carrying that betrayal in his heart. “What your mum an’ I have is special too. She’s promised me a sweet deal. All the prostitutes I want, if I spare the brothel...hers, at least. Now, how could I refuse that, eh? I’m only a man. I’ll change my mind bout closin this place down, if she throws ya into the deal. You’ve always been my favorite, my *special one!*”

" Dennis revealed, cunningly. "Tough luck...I just quit!" Ben retorted, shoving him against the window once more, this time harder. "Too bad. How bout a quickie before ya leave, then? A farewell present of sorts?" Dennis suggested, resorting to old tricks once more as he leaned forward, quickly overpowering Ben and pushing him to the floor. "Consider this a farewell present, mate!" Ben kneed the corrupt politician as he pinned him to the floor of the dressing room and tried to have his way with him.

"Ya messed with the wrong man, babe! Try that again...An' see what happens, ya bastard!" Ben grimaced as Dennis kicked him swiftly in the side once or twice once he'd recovered from the knee to his family jewels.

Ben groaned, watching as Dennis began to head towards the door, preparing to lock it so they'd have some privacy. His plan was foiled as Ben stood up groggily, before tackling him to the floor. "Ya ruined my life...! Ya an' yer college mates! Ya perverted bastards!" Ben let out a battle cry as he punched him repeatedly, drawing blood. "Oh, baby, hit me one more time!" the corny American exclaimed saucily, spitting out blood as their fight continued even outside the dressing room. Ben tried to throttle him, but was cut off by a swift punch to his cheek from

Dennis, whose university ring left its mark on Ben's skin. They exchanged punches, while the inhabitants of the brothel gathered to watch in bewilderment.

"Get off him! I thought you'd left, Ben! Get off him, Benedict! This instant! Security! Bosco, Lionel...get im out! Mr. Rixon, are ya alright? Get im out! I hope this doesn't change anythin, Mr. Rixon. I'm awfully sorry bout my son." his mum interrupted their fight, trying to pull the bruised and bloodied men off each other before the bouncers stepped in. Ben scowled as his mother handed her hanky to Dennis to dab at his cuts and straightened his tie and suit for him. "That's alright, ma' am. She's always been a feisty, slutty thing!" Dennis accepted her apology, smirking as he wiped a speck of blood from the corner of his mouth and tasted it, licking his lips like a sly fox before Ben was accosted outside and dropped off on the curb with a warning.

Chapter 16

“I hope ya bought the pancake mix like I asked, love.” she teased, rising and letting the sheets leave her in order to unravel her naked body underneath, sitting up in bed as he returned later that evening. She’d unsheathed herself of her bathrobe after her shower, making the bedroom presentable with the use of fresh new crimson sheets and scented candles that lent a dim glow and sweet perfume to the room as she lay in wait for him. She watched, confused, as he ignored her advances- a sullen silhouette as he darted into the bathroom and slammed the door behind him. She put on her bathrobe once more and turned the knob, following him and hearing the sound of running water as she entered.

“Love, what happened?! Who did this to ya?” she demanded to know, continuing to ignore her as he splashed water on his wounded face to wash out the blood. It hurt her to see him like this, especially when he groaned in pain. Receiving no answer from

him, she took matters into her own hands and pulled out the first aid kit from the medicine cabinet. “C’mom, love...I’ll take care of ya.” he grimaced on hearing her whisper and lean her chin against his shoulder. Everything out of her lips was poison to him now. “How much do I owe ya?” he asked in an insulting tone. She shrank back at his question. “What?” she asked, just to confirm that she hadn’t heard him wrong. “Ya heard me. How much do I owe ya?” he repeated himself, through clenched teeth now. “Who told ya that?” she enquired. “The boys spilt. When were ya plannin on tellin me, eh?” he demanded to know, angrily. “You weren’t s’possed to find out this way.” he heard her mutter, hesitantly. “So, ya were just content bein the waitress, then? Lyin to me bout what ya did at that dump!?” he snapped on hearing her. “Like you were comfortable bein Mr. Hoity-toity *businessman with an office just round the corner!*? We need to have a talk, mister.” she retorted, before slamming the toilet seat down and motioning for him to sit. He looked quizzical as to how she’d caught his bluff about him being a businessman.

“Don’t look all quizzical. Now, tell me who did this to ya? Who *branded* ya?” she enquired, this time expecting an answer from her distant boyfriend. “I got into a fight with Dennis Rixon. That’s the

insignia from his ring. Anyway, I'll be alright. I don't need yer help." he replied, in a grouchy manner, refusing to let her even touch him. "You'll sit on that pot an' lemme tend to ya or I swear, my *slap's* gonna leave a more notable mark than Dennis' bloody ring!" she ordered impatiently (and a tad threateningly) and he was forced to gulp in fright before slumping onto the shut toilet seat. "Callin me a prostitute to my face...Bloody drag queen!" he heard her mutter under her breath furiously, as she ripped a shred of cotton, balling it up and dipping it in alcohol before dabbing it at his cuts. He hissed as she dabbed furiously, without respite. "How did ya...? I didn't tell ya, did I?" he stammered, on hearing the words *drag* and *queen* escape her lips. "No, ya didn't. You're a fancy, posh businessman, arentcha? Ya think I didn't notice those puppy eyes ya made while I tried to free my sleeve from your bracelet that night?" she revealed, admitting (much to his surprise!) that she'd indeed recognized him even without his heavy mask of makeup.

"I literally had jitters when I saw this perfect specimen through the window of the restaurant. It was only when I saw ya up close an' recognized ya that they went away. Ya were as flawed as I was, as sexually confused as I'd been, cravin intimacy just like me...but trapped under all this makeup and

trying to escape from the red light just the same. I learnt to accept ya. Why can't ya accept me? Why're ya treatin me like a stranger all of a sudden?" she continued, stopping to dispose of the blood soaked cotton wad before looking up at him in a sorrowful manner and clasping his hands in her own as she knelt down on the spick and span tiled floor. "I'd prefer to date someone *normal*." he confessed, unable to bring himself to look her in the eye. "We're better than *normal*, Ben. Normal people don't even have a sex life due to all their stress. We get to have sex every night. An' we're better at it too! Obviously, we're trained professionals! Believe me, ya don't want a *normal* girl in your life, Ben." she whispered, half-jokingly. "Besides, I quit soon after Joy-boy assaulted me. He offered me more money, but I just tossed it at his face an' hauled arse. I dunno...I guess ya helped me find this courageous bone in me that I never knew existed...Boy! Did that sound cliched or what?! Anyway, here I am. All yours for as long as you'll have me, Benedict Stronghold." she promised, grinning at her lover in the hopes that he'd accept her. "If ya must know...I quit too. We might've to vacate the flat soon. Mum doesn't want an *ungrateful wretch* like me stayin in somethin that she bought for me with er hard earned money." he confided, finally finding the

courage to look into her understanding eyes as he spoke.

"Then, why waste our time arguin here, when this could literally be our last night in this flat. We oughta be makin love! Now, can I expect ya to be in bed in your birthday suit, mister? We've already wasted time yappin as it is!" she suggested, standing up once she'd sealed his cuts with bandaids and kisses. "I'm better at it than ya are, ya know." he teased, referring to his sexual prowess. "Really? Show me your best move." she challenged, taking him on as she wasn't the sort to back down. She'd gained a lotta experience, probably even toughened up, during the time spent under the red light. "Not now! I'm on the pot, woman. Besides, I'll be there. I've to just phone an' apologize to my mates." he excused himself. "Why?" she asked, curiously. "Well, they called it! Called ya the best. An' I didn't believe em...till now." he replied, rather ashamed at how he'd treated her and how easily and gracefully she'd forgiven him for being a twat!

"Just shut up an' join me in the bedroom. An' bring the pancake batter along!" she ordered, blushing on hearing him before she headed to the bedroom. "I didn't buy any, love!" he called out after her once she'd left. "Cream works too. There's some in the

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fridge.” came the determined reply from the other side of the door.

Chapter 17

“I’d usually go for the feet first...Slowly inch my way up from the toes....to the thighs...” he wooed, showing off his moves later that night as he pulled her towards himself by tugging at her waxed leg, sucking at her big toe before moving upwards and leaving a trail of kisses starting from her ankles and even to the soft back of her calves. “What if your lover doesn’t like that? What if she restricts ya cuz she’s ticklish...an’ does this...!” she interrupted, landing a swift (but soft) kick to the side of his face just as his lips reached her knees! “Then, I’d crawl up to her stealthily and suggestively like a prowling tiger as she backs up against the headboard...An’ slowly pin her against it...oi! ” he retorted teasingly, following her up the sheets on all fours with a seductive grin as she backed away slowly to escape him. “Too slow, skinny boy!” a mischievous Tina exclaimed, taking him by surprise as she overpowered him and straddled him. His eyes

followed her around as she lifted the jug of cream off the bedside table where he'd kept it and raised it above his naked torso.

The cream felt cold as she poured it on him, slathering it onto his skin and rubbing it into his chest hair as it trickled down his chest. He moaned passionately as she lost no time in savoring his milky skin, engulfing his mass of sticky chest hair with her hungry lips (it seemed more a mass of sickly sweet candy floss now that it'd been slathered in cream), smacking her lips as she sucked the cream out of his belly button and circled his hardened nipples. Soon, his body glistened with her saliva. He could feel the wetness between her thighs upon his abdomen. Being the tease that she was, she began to rub herself against him, rocking back and forth, just inches from his hard member but careful not to brush up against it. She didn't want him the satisfaction of penetrating this early. She made him wait for it. He hated when she did that. But, her hunger wasn't satisfied yet, as she moved on to the hardened member. He moaned, louder and more passionately than before, as she lowered herself, giving him head before licking the precum off his tip. He could taste himself as she brought her face up to his and planted a kiss on his lips, letting his tongue explore her mouth further.

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moaned and pleaded, as he went about fist-fucking her till she was sore! She didn't even wank him as vigorously as he fingered/ fisted her!

But, she wasn't one to take anything lying down, traversing her hands down to his butt cheeks and suppressing a sly smile as she made her way into his crack. The room rang out with their simultaneous climactic cries as she fingered his arse vigorously and he fisted her with the same vigour.

She really didn't know if she wanted him in her any more. The fist had done enough damage to her delicate walls. She heaved a sigh of relief as he withdrew his fist, leaving it moist with her fluids so she could taste herself later, while she withdrew her finger from inside him. They were both panting and sweaty from the act, but not dettered from approaching the next level. Atleast, he wasn't.

He demonstrated his enthusiasm to be on top and be in charge this time around, not allowing her to be the dominatrix yet again, as he mounted her and slammed her into the mattress when she tried to rise stubbornly! The bed creaked under their weight and their new crimson sheets seemed to rise and fall with him as he began to thrust into her. She experienced orgasm after orgasm, exploding each time he entered her and either clutched/ clawed at the covers or at his hair (whichever was within her reach) in order

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to tide herself over. It was only after he'd taken her from the back as well and filled her up that he handed the reigns over to her, letting her climb onto him once more to ride him for the remainder of the night.

"I think that exchange between us in the loo counted as our first big fight. Think we should fight like that more often!" she whispered into his ear as they rested their tired bodies and snuggled up under the covers. "I think I preferred what followed it!" he quipped, planting a kiss on her forehead, just above her still healing scar.

Chapter 18



Some years later:

“An’ that was Mr. Ben Stronghold- the drag queen turned erotica writer who’s been takin the erotic literature scene by storm with his latest offerin that’s

been described as a scorcher that'll leave ya wanting more! An' it's already surpassed the *50 Shades of Grey* series to clinch the top spot of *The New York Times* bestseller list. He'll be comin out with a tell all soon on his time in the red light. So, grab your copies...Oh!! We've got a caller! Probably got some questions for our guest, eh?" Victor, the radio host praised, interrupted mid-praise by a phone call. "Hopefully, it isn't the last caller who asked if she could stick her tongue down Ben's throat!" Dina, his co-host whispered, teasingly nudging their guest. "Ah..ha ha...That one was my wife!" Ben muttered under his breath, chuckling nervously.

"Just wanted to say hi to my mate. Also, shout out to *Red Lips Ricky's Lil shop of sex*, just on the corner of Bovary Street, formerly known as the red light district. Now, the number one place to buy X-rated videos an' sex toys. We've a 50 percent off on dildos an' garter belts. 30 percent off on vibrators too. Just puttin it out there!" the caller began to speak, using the opportunity to advertise his business on air. "Oh...boy! That's my mate from my drag queen days...That's Ricky...I'm gonna kill im!" a red faced Ben joked through clenched teeth, eliciting laughter from the hosts. "That's our cue to end, folks!" they finally concluded, signing off to save him from further embarrassment.

"That wasn't funny, by the way. Callin in to ask if ya could stick yer tongue down my throat." he reprimanded Tina on returning home. The couple had settled down in the suburbs, leaving that part of their life behind. He no longer worried bout painting his face and putting on a show for his clients. That was replaced by the urgency to paint lil Daisy Stronghold's nursery and entertaining her by coddling her, reading her bedtime stories, singing lullabies and wiggling his car keys at/ making funny faces at her while she lay in her pram till she laughed. "Oh, puh-lease...! Ya were turned on by it...I could tell! Now, Mr. Stronghold...can I? Stick my tongue down your throat,I mean?" she repeated her request, brushing her lips lightly against his as she pushed up against him. "Ya can stick it anywhere ya like,love!" he whispered, growing aroused as he gradually frenched her.

"Ricky sent ya a gift to congratulate ya on your big appearance on the radio show, by the way." she revealed, handing him a gift wrapped parcel after she'd had her fill of snogging. "Ooh...an' when do we see ya make an appearance again, eh?" he asked his actress wife. "I'll be doin *Vagina Monologues* on West End. Also, I was just offered a part on a racy telly show...*Secret life of a call girl*...somethin or the other...! They offered it to Billie Piper first, but she

passed. Anyway, Pam Anderson's my co-star an' we start filmin soon! Found a nanny for lil Daisy too." she replied, ecstatically. "Wow...Oh, Lord! What in the bloody hell is this?!" he cried out, throwing his hands up all of a sudden as if he'd been struck by lightning or something, on unveiling the contents of the parcel.

"Says here, it's a stress ball...shaped like a woman's breast...! Look, tits an' all! Genius!" an impressed Tina (game for any joke) explained, squeezing the round, soft, squeezable breast that looked unnervingly realistic for a sex toy and rolling the orb in her hands, much to his discomfort! "Who in their right mind would send o'er such a distasteful gift?! Ya can keep it if ya like." he gave her custody of it on seeing her eyes glint while he averted his own! "I love it! Soft, supple, squishy...great quality too! No wonder business is boomin for Ricky! Besides, who knows when stress might strike, eh? It ain't called the silent killer for nothin!" she quipped, shoving it into her hand bag.

"That's the baby." she exclaimed, alert on hearing cries from the baby monitor. "Our baby. Can ya believe this?! We...the two most fucked up people who didn't think they'd ever escape the flesh trade...makin it out and raisin a child! I'll get it." he offered with a dimpled smile, letting her rest and put

her feet up since she'd been home with the tyke all day.

"Wasn't that the same priest who did Terry an' Shawn's weddin last year?" she enquired, as they stood and prayed at his mother's grave later that day after her funeral. "Uh-huh. Guess he does funerals too, eh?" he agreed, his sorrowful gaze still fixed on the wreaths that were strewn on the ground- mostly from former prostitutes and clients." That's tragic." she murmured. "What's more tragic is the fact that mum passed away alone an' penniless. If she hadn't cut us outta er life like that..." he began to choke up. She'd distanced herself from them both, heartbroken after Rixon betrayed her by shutting down the red light district, including her brothel."Oi! What's done is done. Ya fulfilled your responsibility of bein a good son by showin up. C'mon, time to leave." she comforted, linking her arm around his and entwining their fingers together before reaching up to wipe away a tear that rolled down his cheek. "Just one last thing though..." she changed her mind, kneeling down and reaching into her handbag. He watched with a raised eyebrow as she plopped the boob stress ball in the midst of the wreaths, patting the jelly-like orb one last time

before standing up and dusting off her black lace dress.

"What?! Ya know she'd have liked this!" she defended her action. He glared at her for a while, but burst out laughing on hearing her explanation for it. "For chrissakes...how'd I even end up with someone like ya?!" he muttered amusingly as they walked hand in hand among the tombstones and out of the graveyard. "If you're game for it, I can recreate the naughty bits for ya...Freshen up your memory if you'd like?" she suggested with a wink, teasingly squeezing his butt cheek as they made their way to the car.

One could always count on that woman to turn a somber occasion into one to smile about!

THE END

About the author

Vidal D'costa is an avid reader, telly watcher, David Tennant fangirl, Whovian and Trekkie who lives to write. She is an aspiring screenwriter and also creates comics and fanart here:<https://www.deviantart.com/dcstavidal>

She lives in Goa, but daydreams about living in Scotland someday. When she isn't writing, she is fangirling, cosplaying or finishing her homework (it's hard being an English major by day, author by night, ya know?)

Anyway, she thanks you from the bottom of her heart for reading her first erotica and one of her classmates (not named for privacy sake) for standing in as the inspiration behind *Joyboy the pimp*.

You can read & download her works here as well:
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